

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

Party at Cockden Hey Well , Fairies

The little people were said to use this area as a meeting ground.

Once upon a time, nestled in the heart of Cockden-Hey Well, there existed a secret realm known only to the most curious and imaginative souls. This enchanted place was the favoured meeting ground for the little folk, the fairies of the forest.

On a warm summer's night, when the moon hung low and the stars gleamed like scattered diamonds, a magical event was about to unfold. The whispers of the wind carried news of an extraordinary party, a celebration that promised wonder and mirth beyond mortal imagination. As the first rays of twilight painted the sky in shades of lavender and gold, the fairies emerged from their hidden nooks, their wings glimmering like iridescent petals. They fluttered with graceful abandon, carrying tiny lanterns that illuminated the forest floor with a soft, ethereal glow.

In the heart of Cockden-Hey Well, a grand toadstool stood tall, its cap wide enough to serve as a dance floor for the dainty creatures. It was adorned with blossoms of every hue, and dewdrops clung to its surface like delicate pearls.

As the fairies gathered, a melodic hum filled the air, harmonizing with the rustle of leaves and the distant murmur of a babbling brook. Their laughter tinkled like the sweetest chimes, mingling with the symphony of nature.

Among the attendees was Willow, a mischievous sprite known for her boundless energy and infectious laughter. Beside her flitted Ivy, a wise and gentle fairy who always wore a wreath of wildflowers in her hair. Then there was Rowan, a daring adventurer with wings the colour of autumn leaves, and Luna, a shy but incredibly talented musician who played a delicate harp woven from moonbeams.

As the night grew darker, fireflies joined the festivities, casting a soft, golden glow upon the gathering. The fairies danced with grace, twirling and spinning, leaving trails of stardust in their wake.

Suddenly, a hush fell over the crowd as a figure emerged from the shadows. It was Elderberry, the oldest and wisest of the fairies. With a dignified air, he raised his tiny hand, and the woodland creatures fell silent.

"Tonight, we gather not just to dance and revel," Elderberry began, his voice carrying the weight of ages, "but to celebrate the magic that binds us to this sacred place. Cockden-Hey Well has been our refuge for generations, and it is our duty to protect and cherish it for all time."

His words hung in the air, a gentle reminder of the responsibility that came with their enchanting existence.

The fairies nodded solemnly, their wings shimmering with newfound purpose. With renewed determination, they vowed to safeguard their beloved realm, ensuring its beauty and magic would endure for generations yet to come.

As the night waned and the first light of dawn kissed the horizon, the fairies bid each other farewell, their hearts filled with gratitude and a sense of unity that would forever bind them to Cockden-Hey Well.

And so, the little people vanished into the depths of the forest, leaving behind an aura of enchantment that lingered in the air, a testament to the enduring magic of their secret world.

By Donald Jay